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The Story of Han and Chewie



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Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

It was always boring and lonely in the Millenium Falcon. Han had nothing to do but visit planets looking for a way to earn a living.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



Well, if you don't include smuggling, fighting, gambling and having sex with every Twi'lek whore from Tatooine to Hoth. Still it was lonely. Han and Chewie were friends, but the conversation was a bit lacking. After all, Han had grown up on Corellia, one of the busiest and chattiest of the core worlds. The Millenium Falcon, Corellian YT-1300 light freighter was also born on Corellia, which had become wealthy because of it's amazing starship factories. Han thought back to his home sometimes, just a young boy working a factory job. Learning how to build starships had definitely been a boon for Solo who now spent most of his free time with repairs and upgrades for his quickly aging ship.

"Hey Chewie, what do you think of going back to Ole' Corellia?" Han shouted to his hairy companion.

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was supposed to be moving for Jabba the Hutt. There was about twelve of them. Han didn't care much for slavery, but it wasn't his business... well I guess it was now.

Suddenly Chewbacca called out to Han. There was an Imperial barricade ahead... if he got caught with these slaves it could be execution or worse. He only had one clear choice in his mind: Dump the cargo.

Chapter 3 by Animite



Chewbacca let out a warning growl and pointed to a nearby view port with a hairy limb.

"I saw'em. I saw'em." Han said pacing the floor, desperately to of think his way out of the predicament.

"Saw what?" the slave from below uttered.

"Star Destroyers. Two of 'em coming right at us."

Chewie growled again. Han continued to pace. He had a few moments before that inevitable hail from the Imperial vessels informed him an inspection was imminent. He had to flush this cargo, but these weren't cargo containers. And even his hidden cargo compartments couldn't shield things from a full Imperial scan. If these slaves were anywhere on the Falcon they would be found.

He had no choice. Actually, he still had one choice no matter how slight. "I can still outmaneuver them," he said running up to the cockpit.

"Outrun a Capital gunship? You'll never make it," the slave whined.

"Then I'll see you in hell," Han shouted as he ran out of the corridor.

"Come on, Chewie!"

Chapter 3 by Animite



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The duo rushed into the Falcon's cockpit. Han did a quick instrument check and looked out into the void. Two Imperial Cruisers were homing in on the Falcon.

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Han and Chewie immediately started making calculations for a clean getaway and a quick hyperspace exit. They were rudely interrupted when the whining slave invited himself into the control room, taking the third seat in the Falcon's nerve center.

"This bucket of bolts is never gonna make it past that blockade," he said pointing straight ahead.

"Shut him up or shut him down," Han barked as he and Chewie continued making their calculations.

"They're getting closer," the slave said in his whining voice. Han decided at that moment that he would belittle anyone he might meet in the future who sounded the same way.

"Oh yeah? Watch this," Han said. He threw the controls forward and the Falcon spun into a dive calculated to take them out of Cruiser range. They deftly spun this way and that, performing fancy moves that would make even the toughest pilots sick to their stomachs. The whining slave nearly lost his lunch.

Then Han leveled out the Falcon into an linear flight path, confident that he had once again outrun a Correllian Cruiser; that is, until all three of them saw another craft, this time an Imperial Interdictor, coming straight at them.

"Watch what?" the slave complained.

"I think we're in trouble," Han said. He was caught in a net and soon they would be trapped. Honestly, didn't the Empire have better things to do than trap a brash smuggler just trying to get by?

Desperate again, Han turned to his instruments looking for a way out. He scanned and he checked. And then he found it. It was a long shot; an incredibly long shot considering he exhausted all his other options. It could be an escape, but on the other hand, it could mean death for them all.

Now he had no choice, they changed course.

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The slave noticed the change. He looked at Han's new coordinates and the color fled from his face. It was the run to the

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"Don't tell me you're actually going."

"They'd be crazy to follow us," Han replied, interrupting him.

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